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A. A. Hill, J. P.

Cromwell, Ky.
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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. XI.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, AUGUST 12, 1885.

NO. 32.

JUST RECEIVED! BY EXPRESS!

The handsomest dark-colored Seersucker Coat and Vest out, price only \$3.50. We have still on hand a good line of Seersucker Coats at \$1.50, and Coat and Vest at \$2.50. We are closing out the following jobs:

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FOR THE HERALD. IN MEMORY OF GRANT.

BY COL. S. P. THOMAS.

A hero has passed over the river,
To rest in the shade of the trees,
His path to the grave he has won,
And the weary dwell at his ease.

The conqueror's sword now is sheathed,
From its wielder's belt 'tis released,
And the battle-sword now victory wreathed,
Since the thunder of cannon has ceased.

His brilliant career is now ended—
He has dropped his helmet and shield—
His path to the grave he has won,
To join comrades who fell on the field.

The heroic spirit that trod
To the earth the Confederate plume,
Has been called by an almighty God
To fill an illustrious tomb.

Will to-day for a hero we grieve,
Whose trials of life are now done,
And the hands of memory weave
A dream of many brave souls.

Who peacefully sleep with the dead,
Where to battle their leader they followed,
Who sleep in a cold narrow bed,
While she with the nation's name has followed.

No sleep a tear she is weeping,
From heaven at dawn of day
Falls on the tomb of the Blue,
Or the half-buried form in Gray.

Unsung, beneath the grasses entangled,
Sleep thousands of heroic dead,
Who fell with the banner star-spangled,
And the stripes of the red-white-and-blue.

Indeed this fair land is dotted
With tombs of the brave and the true,
Who sleep in garments blood-spotted—
In their garments of Gray and of Blue.

The Empire State claims this her bourse,
In the sound of the Atlantic's boom;
While she with the nation's name is proud,
She can boast of an illustrious tomb.

With Virginia the proud and the grand,
Whose soil covers the ashes of three
Of the noblest men of the land—
Washington, Jackson and Lee.

Out on the battle field glory
He won an immortal name,
And in peace all covered with glory,
He died on the summit of fame.

He has gone where heroes marshal,
In a land that is fairer than day,
In the ranks of a leader immortal,
Who loves both the Blue and the Gray.

And now o'er the tomb that we cherish,
An undying flower will it plant;
Though the body must wither and perish,
Long live the memory of Grant!

HAUNTSVILLE, Ky., August 11, 1885.

The Error of Government.
"We have had the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error.

There were no need of arsenals and forts,"
Longfellow.

The errors of government, the mistakes of rulers, can be traced on the historic page from patriarchal times to this year of the 19th century. Some of these errors were of a tyrannical nature, of cruel ambition, and wrong was a consequence flowing from these in purple streams, which all the wars and revolutions of the world have not dammed with the truth or dried up with justice.

Trial rule and absolute despotism were succeeded by the feudal system, which had its Lords of the Manor and their retainers, its Suzerains and their vassals. Still, there was more or less tyranny and despotism extant in the world, although feudalism, in itself wrong, introduced family government and contained the germ of local self-government.

With the exception of the theocracy of the Jews, the most people, originally, either had a tribal organization or lived under an imperial, despotic, municipal system, like that of Ancient Rome. After the fall of Rome, and on the establishment of Feudalism, they lived as families having certain rights and immunities, according to their rank or station. Hence, it has become to be that "a man's house is his castle," from the fact of the castle of the ancient barons, who were masters therein. Hence, also, representative government took form in after times, because the barons not only stood for themselves, but represented their people also. Before this, there was no country, in the present sense, only towns and cities, in which even the people who tilled the land lived as did all others. Under the Imperial Caesars of Rome were thousands of officers, but all power and authority reached back to Rome where the Emperor was supreme. Every dignitary, all the provincial governors were responsible to him, from the lowest to the highest. This was the "One man power"—this was despotism!

In 404 Hengist and Horsa came over to Ancient Britain (now England, or the British Isles), and set up what is known in English History as the Saxon Monarchy. This Monarchy was in turn overthrown, and the Norman Monarchy substituted instead by William the Conqueror. But it was these

Saxons who had a custom of holding open air assembly for the transaction of public business. This assembly, in which every head of a family and all full-grown men had a voice and a vote, is known in history as the "Ancient Saxon Witenagemot," and it was the germ of the present British Parliament, which now all our representative bodies have sprung. But it is a matter of fact that the British Parliament had very little real authority until about the 16th century. On one occasion Henry VIII, who wanted a military bill passed, sent for Montague, the Premier. When Montague arrived and knelt at the feet of his monarch, according to custom, Henry placed his hand on the Premier's head and said, "Montague, why hast thou not passed my bill?" "Get thee my bill passed by tomorrow," or else to-morrow this head shall come off!" The bill was passed. But it was useless to consume space in detailing the wrangles between Parliament and the different Kings, the revolt of the Cromwellian Parliament and the regicide of Charles I, and each successive step of this representative body to further acquisition of authority till the present time, in which the Parliament presided over by the Premier, is in reality the governing power.

The right of representation in our State and National Legislatures is a boon of liberty; but, sometimes, as in the case of a Kentucky legislature, our dearest interests are owed away by our representatives to a corporation like "The Green & Barren Rivers Navigation Company," which has become an injurious monopoly to the citizens of the Green River Section. Again, in the numerous instances in which the Congress of the United States has made land-grants of the Public Domain and money subsidies of the people's revenue to railroad and steamship companies, such acts as these are to be considered as mistakes of legislation and errors of government, to be reprehended by the sovereign people, who must teach legislators, governors and presidents that they are not masters but servants. Are our legislatures and our congresses Montagues to these Henry VIII corporations that they should pass their bills? Are the people Montagues that they should kneel at the feet of corporate power? I guess Knott if you will inquire into DuPont (de point)! We'll have none of this convict business, even if the Green & Barren Rivers Navigation Company were made secure in their "vested rights" by our State Supreme Court.

I might cite you to the acts of the British Parliament for the "London Company" in the colonization of America; the plugging of France into debt and the grinding of the great masses of her people into poverty by Louis XIV in his ambitious and senseless wars, and show you in this last instance how the French peasantry were brought to starvation (forty thousand people in one Province having to subsist for a considerable time on roots, fruits and herbs in field and forest); how all this led to the French Revolution of 1789 which culminated in a "reign of terror," but I will only ask, if the railroad companies continued to gobble up land where shall a poor man find a homestead?

If our lands and rivers are granted away, what will be the final result? Old William the Conqueror gave away the whole Island of England to his seven hundred barons, and to-day you can see the curse of a landed aristocracy in that country. When the first great French Revolution began, five thousand men owned the whole territory of France, but when at an end the land had been divided among millions.

Democratic administration will see to it that the whole batch of Tariff Laws are finally repealed!

The errors of government have ever been fruitful of wrong and injustice, poverty and want, hate and cruelty, and often of bloody revolution. Then why should legislation be unequal or government partial, if the ultimate end is distress or death?

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," but if freemen are plundered they generally usurp the Lord's prerogative! O, ye who are enriched by the robbery and degradation of the honest and industrious tax-payer by tariffs, monopolies, and convict competition, remember that God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across the sky!

Lo, deathful is the yellow gold;
Riches do not vanish away;
And the power of wealth is bold,
Shall condemn ye at Judgment Day.

W. H. CUNDIFF.

Washington Letter.
WASHINGTON, D. C., August 1, 1885.
Editor Herald.
During the month of August Washington will be dull, but, owing to the new rules limiting leaves of absence, the number of clerks in the various Government offices is larger this summer than usual, and the work in all Departments is better and more promptly performed than has been known in recent times.

Notwithstanding the fact that Washington is second this summer only to Chicago in the highest recorded temperature, the city seems to be growing in favor as a summer home. Last week both the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Whitney, and Gen. Logan, purchased residences here, each paying \$30,000.

Gen. Logan bought a very large and substantial but old-fashioned house in the suburbs of the city. Mr. Whitney's purchase is nearly a mile from the city and consists of a house of 17 rooms and a farm. He will move to it immediately.

The elections which will take place in Virginia, New York and Ohio next fall are watched very closely here. The chance of securing Democratic control of the Fifty-third Congress are considered possible though not probable. If a Republican is elected or appointed in Oregon to fill the vacancy now existing, the Senate of the Forty-ninth Congress will contain forty-two Republicans and thirty-four Democrats, the former, having a majority of eight. To overcome this majority the Democrats will have to hold all their present force and secure four additional seats. These, with the Vice President's casting vote "will enable them to carry through party measures.

With the Forty-ninth Congress will expire the terms of nine Democratic Senators from the States of Delaware, Florida, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada, Tennessee, Texas, and West Virginia. There is no doubt about any of these States returning Democrats except Nevada, and Senator Fair's personal popularity is almost sufficient to count upon his reelection.

Thus may reasonably be anticipated no loss from the States already held. At the same time the terms of Sixteen Republican Senators from the following States will expire: California, Connecticut, Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia and Wisconsin. The Democrats ought to secure Senators from Virginia, Ohio and New York. Not counting Ohio and New York they would have to gain three other seats to make a tie in the Senate and four to secure a majority. In Indiana there is every probability that a Democrat will succeed Senator Harrison, and in New Jersey, Connecticut and Wisconsin there are fighting chances.

With the control of the Senate by the Democrats both branches of Congress will be fully in accord with the Administration, and the work of purifying every branch of the General Government can be prosecuted without further opposition.

In Ohio the Republican ticket has been nominated, but the Democrats have not yet held their convention and nothing can be predicted as to whom they will put in nomination for Governor. They have an opportunity to redeem the State and elect a Democratic Senator in place of Mr. Sherman, but whether they will avail themselves of it remains to be seen.

Bad Clothes of Paper.
A paper-making firm in New Jersey has for several weeks been turning out counterpanes and pillows of paper. No. 1 manilla paper is used, two sheets being held together by a slender twine at intervals of three or four inches; the twine is gummed so as to hold the sheets firmly together where it lies. A hem is placed on the counterpane to keep it from tearing; the safety edge is composed of twine. Ornamental designs are stamped in the outer surface of the covers and cases, giving them a neat, attractive appearance.

When these counterpanes and pillow cases become wrinkled from use, they can easily be smoothed out with a hot flat-iron. The counterpanes can be left on the bed when it is occupied, and in cold weather will be found a warm covering, paper preventing the escape of heat. The new paper bed-clothing is seventy-five cents a set and will probably become very popular.

Letter from Niagara.

NIAGARA, Ont., July 29, 1885.

My reader, did you ever on a calm summer's night, listen to the doleful and prophetic battle cry of two feline warriors, as they awaited with impatience and mutual snarl whirling the "inevitable hour" of mortal combat?

And in that pensive mood, so common on such occasions have you ever been able to distinguish in the aforesaid battle cry the outline of words which seemed to express some particular emotion or anguish of yours? I think you have; at all events it is a fact, even though it be yet new to the world.

Last night I sat amid the ruins of old Fort Mississauga. The full moon, which had just begun to look over the rim of the eastern horizon, lit up the dark recesses of the dismal old castle, pouring bars of weird light out through the narrow casements, and shedding her pale gleam away across the restless waves, like the pulsations of some troubled bosom, beat with a muffled "hush, hush," on the beach below.

What more was needed to produce, even in the soul of a stoic, the pensive mood, certainly nothing but the voices of the feline knights, which soon came in a series of long-drawn howls, coming from a gloomy corner of the old fort.

As I have said before, a cat-fight by moonlight is a wonderful language of human emotions. It throws a halo of solace around the lonely watch of death bed; it is a balm for homesickness, and adds ten percent to the romance of any love scene. But as I mused among the ruins of the old fort, I was neither dead, homesick nor lovesick; I was only thinking of the sad history of this Poor Old Niagara. So that is what the cat-fight said to me, "Poor Old Niagara!"

All day long I have been wandering among its desolate old ruins everything has seemed to say to me "Poor Old Niagara!"

In the month of December 1812 the village, which was then called Newark, was burned by the American Army, and it seems never to have unearched itself from the ashes. The old Fort Mississauga, which is now going to decay, was built from the bricks of the chimneys and ruins of the town after the conflagration. The early history of the place is strangely obscure, although it is known that from the time of the first French discoveries, up to its destruction in 1813 it was the most important town of Canada, and should be to-day, for, having the advantage of a fine harbor and being surrounded by the growth of a city, there seems to be no reason why at this day she should be caught napping, but such is the case, and like most of the Canadian towns I have visited along the old frontier, Niagara seems to have settled down to quiet rest, careless of the future, and contented with dreaming over the eventful days of the past.

Turn where you may, in this old village, and you stumble on to some interesting relic. Just a little way out from the town, on the bank of the river, are the remains of Old Fort George. It has but little of a warlike aspect left; nothing but a few slender towers, who look as if they had been besieged here since the Revolution, are left to garrison the place; but the heavy earthworks which surround it will remain for ages. Half a mile away, across the broad parade ground stands the old barracks and quarters which were occupied by the famous regiment of Butler's Rangers, and on the inside of the old St. Mark's Church, is the following memorial of their leader:

"FEAR GOD, HONOR THE KING."
"Col. John Butler, his Majesty's commissioner of Indian affairs, born in New London, Province of Connecticut, 1728. His life was spent honorably in the service of the Crown. In the war with France for the conquest, he was distinguished at the battle of Lake George, 8th Sept. 1755, and at the siege of Fort Niagara, and its capitulation, 25th July, 1759. In the war of 1776, he took arms in the defense of the unity of the Empire, and raised and commanded the loyal American regiment of Butler's Rangers; died here 1790." And another tablet in the same church is this: "Lenerd Black, Deceased 6 August, 1812." Among the many peculiar old stories in the cemetery near the church, are seen two ancient looking English slabs, bearing the names of Chas. Morrison and George Forsyth, which were used by the Americans in 1812 for neck blocks, still wear the marks of the axes, as if they had been cut there but yesterday. In this town the first provincial Parliament of Upper Canada met on the 17th of Sept. 1792, in the 32nd year of the reign of King George III.

But perhaps the most interesting and important spot in the vicinity of this place, is Fort Niagara, standing on the American point just across the river. A part of the 12th Infantry are stationed here, and one would hardly suspect from the good condition of the place, that this was one of the oldest forts on the American continent. Within the main enclosure are five strong stone buildings, the foundations of which were probably built by the French Jesuits, early in the 17th century. American history tells us that as early as 1688, posts had been established at Frontenac, Niagara, at the Straits of Mackinac, and on the Illinois river, and by some of the residents here it is claimed that the building called the Castle, is the oldest French structure in America. I think it hardly safe to consider this an authentic history, but we need not depend on legendary state-

ments for the proof of Fort Niagara's antiquity.

In the building now used as a magazine, is seen the cell where the Masonic traitor, Morgan, was confined before being drowned in the river. Beneath all of the older buildings are found these strange gloomy dungeons, and as I groped about through their dark and musty vaults, all of the thrilling sensations which I felt when a boy, in reading the old legends of Westphalia, came back to me.

The most prominent defect which the aesthetic Oscar Wilde found in the "beautiful" of America, was the absence of historic ruins. But only give us the daring muse of a Scott or Byron to turn loose among these modern haunts of Ohio, and by an instantaneous process we will reveal to the world new but enduring classic ground.

Among the smoky records of the fort I found letters and court-martial orders signed by Winfield Scott during the war of 1812, also letters from Commodore Perry.

In the burying ground of the fort are very many ancient stones, whose quaint inscriptions in French, German, and English are within themselves volumes of history. The following, though of no great antiquity, or rhetorical elegance, is very expressive of soldierly respect.

"Erected to the memory of Sir Amasa Snow, who departed this life at Fort Niagara the 17 of April 1829, by his brother soldiers Co. 1. 2nd Regt. U. S. Infantry."

"Here lies brave Snow
Full six feet deep
Whose heart would melt
When caused to weep
Through winter's blast,
May freeze his frame
Yet death's cold grasp
Can't chill his brave."

Near this grave is a very old stone with the simple inscription "Paul Norris U. S. Army," and another to the memory of a veteran of Waterloo. At a very early hour yesterday morning my attention was attracted by the clear strong voice of an old Scotchman talking in the rooms below, "Seventy-two years ago," said he, "I went with the British to burn Buffalo, and to-day I am going up there again."

I rushed down to the room, and was introduced to Col. Duncan MacFarland, a robust old soldier of eighty-six years, but having the appearance of a man of fifty. In response to my hasty questions, he handed me a heavy cane, which he carried, saying, "Right there is a relic for you; that cane was presented to me by General Wolsley when he came here in disguise in 1866 to quiet the Fenians. He was only Col. then, but I suppose he's the greatest man in England now; yes, that cane is a charmed relic, and will kill all the snakes and toads in the province. And here's another relic," he continued, holding up his hand, which showed the deep furrow of a musket ball; "There's a Yankee ear mark, but I got three of their horses, and so I always called it about square." For several hours I listened to the jolly old veteran, as he related the wild exploits of his early days and as he took his leave of me with a soldierly flourish of his cane, I could think of nothing but Goldsmith's veteran, who "shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won."

To-night I shall take the Steamer for Toronto and in my next shall speak of that, the most English city in America.

QUEENSTON.
During my vigils on the tower at Lady's Lane, my attention was several times attracted by what appeared in the distance to be a tall, slender column lifting itself up to the sky from a point of high ground several miles down the river. Taking this as my guiding landmark, I left Drumnondun at 4:30 P. M., and after a seven mile's ride along the beautiful bank of the Niagara, I am here at the drowsy old hamlet of Queenston, located in the very shadow of the mountain on which stands the slender column, or, as it now reveals itself, a grand monument erected to the memory of the British General, Sir Isaac Brock, who fell in the battle of Queenston Heights, fought here on the 13th of October, 1812. This is what the Canadians call their "Bunker Hill," and although my "Yankee" views of certain historic events, do not exactly harmonize with theirs, yet I can not but admire the pride that they take in this picturesque old mountain which they associate with the name of their late lamented Brock, and we with that of our gallant Van Rensselaer. Just back of the monument, half hidden by a dense growth of underbrush, are the earthworks which the Americans held against repeated assaults, until they were routed by re-inforcements of British and Indians, who drove them to the point of the bayonet over a high bluff into the river, where a large number were drowned. There are few places in America which could afford better material for the poet and the artist, than the valley of the Niagara, and the landscape which now lays spread out below me, if supplied with a few old castles, would pass for a very respectable German picture, and I am not sure but the sagging ruins of the old stone buildings in the village below might fill this want of musty, legendary antiquity. Half a century ago Queenston was a busy Canadian town. All of the shipping which came from foreign countries up the St. Lawrence was landed here, and taken by train roads to a point above the Falls, where it was reshipped and carried on to the West.

Along the river are still standing a score of old "taverns," which forty years ago were boisterous with the tongues of all nations. But the railroads

and the great Welland Canal have taken away their custom, and here they stand like a group of old revelers dreaming of the merry days of old.

Everything here seems to speak of a departed prosperity, and even the droves of geese that march lazily through the quiet old streets seem to look up at the bustling American with an expression of sullen envy. Seven miles away, where the river empties into Lake Ontario, I shall visit Niagara, the oldest, and one of the most historic points in the old Dominion of Upper Canada.

BYRON R. NEWTON.

Natural Born Meanness.
There are some deeds that are so contemptible, and some words spoken only to mortify and give acute mental pain, by a few men and women of this world, that I can account for such deeds and words only on the hypothesis of natural born meanness in said men and women. Their deeds are worthless, only for showing forth smallness and baseness of soul. Their words cheer and enlighten not; but needlessly wound and insult. Some of these people claim to "always speak their minds." Then God pity such minds!

I like neither their principles nor their practice.

The Divine Being heaps favors, ever liberal and faithful, on his servants; and desires in return for all these only love and obedience. Can any one who is full of hate and malice, who is selfish and envious, who has a vile, bitter tongue, be his servant? He or she who loves the whole human family, who is full of kind feeling, thought and language, also loves and reveres God. Ignoble base mind has no true worth and genuine gentility. Were charity (that covers a multitude of sins), civility (that costs nothing), and love in their hearts they would give the need of praise where due; and where not, they would be silent.

God is a just God; therefore, they who are set to rule over others should be just also, should they desire to be considered his servants, and not children of Darkness full of "Natural Born Meanness."

Among the poor, as well as the rich, are those whose idleness, love of luxury and animal pleasures, linked with their immoderate passions and unholy desires, have bound them forever in thralldom to Satan, and they live but to serve him and complete their own base natures.

O, God, if within our souls there is such a thing as "Natural Born Meanness," wilt thou enable us by thy holy influence to outgrow and outlive it?

Teach us, O Lord, to cast out the baseness of our minds and the rubbish of our souls! May we so live, most adorable and beneficent Father of the Universe, that we shall exchange pure selfishness for pious benevolence; love of land, and money, and stocks, and bonds—the greed of gain and love of dominion—for love of thyself and our brotherman; harsh words and evil thoughts for gentle, sympathetic speech and deeds of love and charity!

We should endeavor to do our duty, both with regard to God and man. We may ascertain, if we but strive to do so, that we owe much to our God and our fellow-man, and but little to ourselves.

"The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

W. H. CUNDIFF.

Sad Accident.
Thursday last Mr. P. H. Drake, Jr., who lives with his father about five miles South-west of Greenville, happened to quite a serious accident which resulted in making him a cripple for life. He attempted to step on the driver's place of a threshing machine when his foot was caught in a wheel and crushed almost into a jelly. A lever had to be taken off before his foot could be gotten out. All those present were so frightened and nervous that they could not unscure the bolt that held the lever, and young Drake took the wrench and unscrewed it himself. He was carried home and his leg amputated. He was a bright intelligent young man, just come of age and the unfortunate accident is deeply deplored by all his friends.—Central City Argus.

Robbery at White Plains.
Monday morning Marshal Fredey received the following dispatch from J. R. Welch, section foreman:
"Stolen, from section house, No. 19, \$51, one suit of clothes, three or four shirts and drawers; trunk broken; \$24 reward. Description: Two men, 24 or 25 years of age each; one red-headed, short, red burrheads, clean shaven on chin, red mustache; other one dark, swarthy complexion, blue eyes, clean shaven, black hair, black straw hat on."

The officers all along the road have their eyes open and are on the look out for the thieves. It is to be hoped they will be caught.—Central City Argus.

Poor Fellows!
Prostrated, debilitated, enfeebled, they feel as if they were hardly worth picking up. They would hardly give the toss of a bright penny between life and death. But even such forlorn people can be renewed by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. It vitalizes the blood, tones the nerves, and renovates the system. Mr. Isaac

THEN AND NOW.

In 1875 Mr. J. W. Tate carried this county by 210 majority in a vote of 2,295. In 1877, an off year, he carried it by 465 majority. In 1879 he got 1,669 votes, beating his opponent, Stoll, 372 votes. In 1881, without opposition and an off year too, he got 1,532 votes. In 1883 he got 1,870 votes and carried the county by 549 majority. In 1885 he got 1,012 votes and got beaten 230 votes in the county. What's the matter, can the Yeoman see any comfort in these figures to cause it to exult? Is it not a rebuke to the bosses, for assuming to make a nomination without authority? Is it not a warning to those who favored, or were responsible in any way for convict labor? It shows that the Democrats of this county have minds of their own and propose to have a voice in the matter of naming the candidates of the party. It will be a long time before another Democrat will accept the nomination of a few committeemen for a State office.

The Hartford Herald and Paducah Standard are further out in the cold than any others of the kind, for we have reserved warm places for them by the now roasting Democratic fire, and we invite them in heartily. Yeoman. Thank you. We have never been outside the true Democratic fold. We have been a Democrat from principle and not for the profit of being and hoping to be Public Printer, and are not knocking at the door of the lodge room of the head Sachins of those who seek to control the distribution of spoils. We are a Democrat because Democracy means reform in office. We favor Democracy because its true principles would not tolerate convict labor being worked illegally and without right in opposition to free labor. We favor Democracy because its principles favor a government by the people and do not tolerate or approve a nomination made by a mere handful of men, who have been called together to call a convention. Can the Yeoman say as much? Had we better not open the doors of the Democratic household and let the Yeoman in? It is certainly out in the cold and is ignorant of what Democracy means or teaches.

There are two or three Democratic precincts in Ohio county, but they are not strong enough to carry it for Tate. The county, however, did the decent thing for Sam Hill, and that redeems it. Yeoman.

Why not tell the truth? There are nine precincts in the county, that usually give Democratic majorities, but the Yeoman's test is an endorsement of the usurpers, in according to themselves the power to name the candidate.

In 1882 "Tom" Henry, with all his drunken, low record, got 518 more votes in this county, than Tate did this time and get the Yeoman would have us believe that the manner in which Tate had been nominated and his connection with the convict labor fraud had been endorsed.

More to the surprise of some of the knowing ones, John T. Gathright was appointed surveyor of the Port of Louisville. He is a very fine looking gentleman, and one who ranks high as a man of honor, and business qualifications.

The most brilliant, grand and imposing funeral procession ever seen in America, was the one that followed Gen. Grant to his last resting place in New York, last Saturday.

Local Option.

Local option was defeated at Rochester by a vote. If the good people of that village will set their heads to work and see to it that the laws are executed against those who sell to drunken men and to minors, the owners of the saloons will find such a thorny path to travel that saloon property will be of little money value to them, and they will either quit the business or go to a more congenial place to ply it.

As time passes, the contrast will be greater until the sun in its orbit will mark America as the garden-spot of the world, and as the country whose influence will be felt while the love of freedom burns on the altar of the human heart.

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Rockport Rumblings.

Go tell it in Gathright publish it on the streets of Askeon; Nicanon lies dead in his harness. We've unhorsed Plato's two-legged animals; we've smote the Philistines hip and thigh and my eunuchness over. When I give me room and lots of air. It's a great victory, my dear little Peterkins. None of your Cosman fights, that worsts the victor, but a tussle in the fittest survive. The Asbury business was pulled entirely too soon; 'tain't ripe. We moved that painted and mixed Meador, with double-greased lightning, and an improved, forty-horse clipper, like a whirlwind, and scattered it to the winds, which, I trust, are tempered to the poor little short fables. Oh! we are "Jim Dandies." Just give me room and air, while I congratulate all creation in general, and the Eighth District in particular, — Hopkins, Logan and some other counties excepted.

Now let them beat their swords into plow shares, make pruning hooks of their spears, and leave their idols to the bats and moles. Our stately ship plowed through the Eighth District, ran into an old hull, "busted" it wide open, and now "tackle trim" sails filled, "streamers waving," she walks the waters like a thing of life.

I must again give to my enthusiastic Rosine friend, J. J. Tifford, who shares with me his exuberance by letter.

The Echo, with a sardonic smile, suggests that Judge F. T. Fox, Jr., domicile in congenial Ohio county. His keen satire cuts like a polished razor, and not without some degree of justice. I'm a Tate man, and always will be, after he is nominated, and wish Ohio county all sorts of prosperity, with a "little," "just a little" more political cake.

Mr. J. P. Maddox has moved to Rockport.

Old Mrs. Young, mother of H. J. Young, has been sick for several days. Mrs. Henry Griffin and her two children, are visiting Mrs. Nettie Reid.

One profound hypocritical, political gentleman, who criticized my last week's article, denies that any negro ever held office in a Republican Administration. This shows just how much ought to be said in reply. "The devil do." "Where got'st thou that good look?" "Shakespeare." "What a dash I do raise," said the fly upon the coat which I wore. Such a critic ought not to be let run loose; his ignorance is infectious. Poor thing! the fool killer has marked him for his own. Stiggs.

Three Hundred and Ninety-three.

The above number of years have passed away since on the 3d day of August, 1492, Christopher Columbus, with three small ships and a crew of ninety men, set out on an expedition, on the success of which depended the existence or non-existence of the greatest people that ever reared itself among the family of nations.

On that memorable morning as the gallant men turned their backs upon civilization and their faces to untrodden paths, little did they think they were marking out the way to the home of Freedom's millions yet to be.

Sixty days upon the bosom of the broad Atlantic tossed by the merciless waves, and then to find a few small islands inhabited by savages, to return with the accounts of their discoveries that set Europe ablaze with thoughts of a new world, and the work is done. One hundred and fifteen years are required to plant the first English colony in what is now the United States. This, followed by others, increases rapidly in population until one hundred and seventy years more find the greatest man in American history struggling for the independence of this native land. This achieved faster and faster pours the stream of power and wealth into the coming nation of the West.

On and on, until today what a contrast between this the 3d of August, 1885, and the 3d of August, 1492. Then America was a wilderness unknown to civilization. No fine city lifted its spires toward the sky, no steamboat plowed the gentle rivers, no railroads crossed the wooded land, no schools prepared men for time, nor gospel blessed them for eternity. Today all these are found; and more, as patriotic people as ever trod the sands of time now live in peace among the hills and valleys of free America.

The broad fields of agriculture, the richest veins of mineral wealth, are our own instead of savage battle fields, mounds and caves. The highest piece of architecture in the world now stands in our country, where but a few centuries ago perhaps a wigwag stood. Where once the savage made his rude implements of war, now exist manufactures that rival those of the greatest of earth's nations. Where once the wind only sighed through the trees, now electricity carries men's thought with wonderful speed, and steam with its power now doth his work. To-day the printing press scatters knowledge broadcast over the land where ignorance and superstition once bound men's souls. The places that but once knew the yell of the Indian or the howl of the wolf, now know the scenes of civilized life, with its busy toil, its hopeful efforts, and grand achievements.

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STATE NEWS.

A light vote was polled all over the State. Threshed oats are worth 30 cents at Hopkinsville.

Liberati, the great cornetist, will take in the Lexington fair.

In some parts of the State corn is said to be absolutely burned up.

Lithograph stone of the finest quality has been discovered in Estill county.

Politics will be lively on the Dark and Sanguinary Ground before long.

Will the Constitutional Convention proposition ever carry? We guess not.

E. Polk Johnson, of Louisville, is announced as a candidate for Clerk of the House of the next Legislature.

Swiss colonists on Red River propose to cultivate the sugar beet and to manufacture beet sugar. May they succeed.

The fourth annual reunion of the Orphan Brigade will be held at Glasgow on the 19th inst. A big time will be had.

The annual reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade, C. S. A., known as "The Orphans," will be held at Glasgow August 9th.

At Athens precinct, Fayette county, Monday, John Veal and Charles Weller were killed by Bad Hart, and Hart was dangerously wounded.

In a difficulty at a barbecue near Canton last week, a man named Mcintosh was stabbed and instantly killed. The murderer, one Calhoun, was arrested.

The barn of J. B. Ross, containing 15,000 pounds of tobacco and a large quantity of valuable farm machinery and implements, was burned near Milton Friday.

The twentieth annual State convention of the Kentucky Sunday School Union will sit at Mt. Sterling on the 18th, 19th and 20th of this month. An attractive and interesting programme is presented.

Old Kentucky, so famous for horses, women and wine, holds also a front rank in Cannock scoundrelism. A Louisville grand rascal, a Buchanan, is making big money off of a roller-coaster and a skating rink.

In a drunken row at Prestonburg, thirty or forty shots were fired. Proctor Arnett was killed. Lie Patrick, fatally and Calhoun Howard and Jack Johns badly wounded. Excitement runs high and more trouble is expected.

Charles Offutt is candidate for Speakership of the Lower House again. Bill Owen, of Scott, as good a poker-player as ever sat in Legislative halls, and Ignatius Spalding, of Union county, will likely be aspirants for the same position.

Base ball is raging throughout the Commonwealth. A good way to check a little of the fiendish Carters and Rowanites and Breathitts in their favorite pastime, murder, would be, to learn them the art of the national hoodlum game.

Lexington contemplates the erection of a handsome building for its public library. The Library Association already has \$10,000. To this sum, Mr. E. D. Sayre will add \$5,000 provided additional donations to the amount of \$15,000 can be raised.

Mr. A. C. Coleman, living near McNary, tells of a curious circumstance. During the storm on Thursday night last, a log fire was burning in a pasture where he had a mule. In the morning he found the mule lying in the fire with its legs nearly burnt off. The supposition is that the mule was blown into the fire and was unable to get out.

Mr. P. Drake met with a serious accident last week while threshing at Mr. Tom Allen's. He was driving and in stepping on the master-wheel his foot was caught in the machinery, crushing his foot and ankle. He was caught in such a way that the machinery had to be taken apart before he could be released. Amputation was found necessary. Mr. Drake is a young man well-known in the community, and has a large circle of friends that give their sympathy in this serious affliction.

Mr. W. H. McCarty editor of the Herald Enterprise, and Miss Florence McCannion, of Owensboro, were married in Evansville last Wednesday. Mr. McCarty passed through Owensboro Wednesday en route to Henderson to be present at the opening of the bridge. Miss McCannion proposed intention was to visit a young lady friend in Henderson, when they got to Evansville they were married. It had been known for some time that there was a serious affair of the heart existing between the young couple. There was no known opposition to the match.

Last Friday Deputy Collector G. H. Moore and Marshal W. G. Pattison, of Elkton, captured two moonshiners in Todd county and brought them to this city to be tried before Judge J. L. Landis. Their names were Sandy Lancaster and Joe McNew, and they had been operating in northern Todd near Clifty P. O. They were tried Saturday and Lancaster was released and McNew held over under a bond of \$500, in default of which he went to jail. The evidence showed that only about 45 gallons of liquor had been made when the still was broken up. —Hopkinsville Kentucky.

The Jeffersonian (Ind.) Times says: "Robert Thomas and Hattie McGivick, a youthful couple of Leitchfield, Ky., bent on matrimony, arrived in New Albany early this morning, after undergoing many hardships, not the least of which was a twenty-five mile ride on a hand-car on the C. O. and S. W. R. R. to escape from pursuers. They applied for license to marry, which was granted them by the Floyd county clerk, and coming on to Jeffersonville were made happy, at 10 o'clock, by the Rev. Harry Keigwin, at the Sherman House. They returned to Kentucky feeling that now they are one they will be able to stem the tide of wrath that awaits them."

A Gang of Counterfeiters.

Three amateur "goldknackers" were housed in the jail along side of Alonzo Fugot, the bass counterfeiter, yesterday. They were arrested at Sebree, Webster county, on Wednesday night, and were escorted here in charge of Detective Bauer, of the secret service. A lot of material for making counterfeit gold and silver money, together with a die for a silver dollar, was brought along with them. In the outfit were white metal, copper, zinc, tin and one or two other kinds of metal. The combination of these metals was used in making the spurious money. The men who were arrested are Dr. J. W. Jenkins, Frank Phillips and John Cavanaugh, all of Sebree. Joseph Sale, one of the foremost of the gang, escaped, and can not now be found. All the others had heard that they were wanted, and were preparing to leave when they were arrested.

Levi Mason, a young farmer, was employed by Detective Bauer to get in with the crowd, and he did it well. He gained their confidence on the 1st of July and soon was working with them. It was his intention to make a clean sweep of the crowd, but by some means the Marshal of Sebree learned of his movements, and through jealousy exposed him to the counterfeiters. Mason had to make the arrests at once. Cavanaugh had started to leave, but was overtaken and returned. After the arrest the officers Marshal undertook to take the prisoners away from the secret service men, but failed in the effort.

Phillips was the instructor in the process of money manufacture. He was a silver plater by trade and agreed to show the counterfeiters how to make counterfeit for \$25 from each. Just how much was made is not known, though there was a good deal of it circulating about. The officers found but little of it on account of the disclosures made to the gang by the jealous marshal. Seven or eight dollars found on the men show that the job was a bad one. They were light and after being brownd down to pass were very suspicious in looks. They bear date of 1885.

The men were arraigned before United States Commissioner Crail yesterday afternoon. Phillips made a clean breast of it, and related all about their movements. His statement was thorough. His claim that only eighteen silver dollars had been made is known to be incorrect. He said that he went into it merely to show the men how to make the money, and that he had not passed a dollar of it. Dr. Jenkins made a fight for himself, employing Attorney Sam McKee for his defense. He expects to show that while he knew all about it, he did not have any part in it. Cavanaugh made much the same plea. The effort is to be made among them that Sale, the man who escaped, did most of the work. The latter is a bad citizen. Mr. Mason shot at him four times when he made his escape, and one shot is thought to have taken effect.

Commissioner Crail bound the whole party over to the United States District Court in the sum of \$1,000 each; and in default of this, all went to jail. Dr. Jenkins is a man of family, and it was at his house that the work was done. Phillips hails from Indianapolis. —Commercial.

Centertown Gliders.

AUGUST 10th, 1885.

The extreme heat and drought continues unabated. Sickens, in the form of flux and cholera-infantum, has prevailed to considerable extent, in the Central Grove neighborhood, for two or three weeks past. Earnie, the little three-year-old child of Mrs. Nancy Sorrells, died at the residence of Esq. J. D. Byers, on the 7th inst., of that dreaded disease. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Calvert lost their babe, two and a half months old, a week ago. J. Buck Tiehenor has quite a severe attack of flux.

Little Wilbur, the eight months' old child of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Stevens, had a severe spell of cholera-infantum while they were on a visit to Mrs. Stevens' mother last week. The election passed off exceedingly quiet here.

Mansfield Rowe, of Greenville, brother of George and W. P. Rowe, made a short visit to this place last week. J. Edwin Rowe and family have been spending the last week with their father, J. P. Rowe. Mrs. Rowe has been quite sick of flux, but has gotten some better.

Rob. Ford, of Ford Bros., blacksmiths, left two weeks ago for New York City and thereabouts. Mrs. Mollie Trimble and daughter, and Mrs. Davis, of Nashville, Tenn., visited the family of Esq. W. L. Rowe last week. Johnson Hefflin and family have moved from Muhlenberg county to this place. Preston, son of our old friend, C. T. Barnard, of Liberty neighborhood, visited his aunt, Mrs. Bettie Hatcher, a day or two since. Some corn and tobacco look well, notwithstanding the drought. Business in town is dull.

Born, to the wife of Mant. Rowe, on the 10th inst., a daughter. Mrs. Dan Maddox officiated. More anon.

One of the best residences in Hartford, with good outbuildings and in perfect order. For particulars call on J. P. BARRETT.

Property not worth insuring is not worth owning. Insure at once in the safe reliable old California Insurance Company. JOHN P. BARRETT, Agt.

Life and Hope.

Life is almost as great a mystery as death—and no one knows what death is. You cannot fathom the secrets of nature; you cannot solve the problem of mind and matter; you know not the why, the whence, the what, the infinitude of the infinite—you never can grasp the full idea of that God who is omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscient. Life is not always life—it is sometimes but mere existence. Death is not altogether death—only a transition, or a consummation of immortality. Science may resolve some things into what are called constituent elements—but what are these elements? What are oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, ozone and all these elements, ingredients or principles in matter? What is mind? Well, no matter; we are getting far out into the unfathomable, the illimitable and the unknowable. It is a serious question, "Whether life is worth the living?"—and were it not for hope, that looks for better things, and the natural instinct of self-preservation, life would not be lived. Hope, which springs eternal, mitigates the troubles of existence and prepares for the hour of dissolution; but it cannot transfer to a blissful future. Only faith and obedience can do that, in conformity with the will of God. The promises of hope are sweeter than roses in bud. Many different views of life are taken by many different persons. Some live for all the world, while others exist for one. How circumscribed and small the one, how grand and glorious the other. Life is half spent before one knows what life is, and all do not even then know the truth. Life is a duty to God and to your fellowman; an obedience and a purpose to both God and man.

Now, there are some who teach the doctrine of the "Survival of the Fittest," and thereby they imply that all those who live are the fittest. The implication goes still farther—that it is the will of God that they should live. Well, all the cunning rascals live—all the selfish and unscrupulous live—all the evil-doers, so high-handed in their devilish or sly games that either man or the law gives them a quietus of earth. Are these the fittest? Is the man who will buy your labor or your produce, taking advantage of your situation and your needs, for one half its intrinsic value, one who is fit to survive?

No man who will not be generous enough to adopt the motto, "To live and to let live," is unworthy of life. It is right to do what is right. It is just to be just. No matter what your advantage or power may be, or what another's necessity or weakness is, you are morally bound to pay a fair, just price for his labor or produce, and to treat him with consideration; for he has natural rights like yourself.

If those who live for self alone—who are avaricious and tyrannical in his life, are "fittest," who are unfitted? No, no! "The Fittest" do not always "survive!" Give a greedy, selfish man the power, the opportunity and he will prove to you that where might is master justice is servant. Indeed, a covetous man does nothing that he should till he dies.

Wealth, after all, is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. Let us take into contemplation the fact, that a contented mind is a continual feast, while greed is never satiated. Besides, the truly good and benevolent are rich in graceful acts and kind words—rich in faith, hope and charity—rich enough for "mansions in the skies." But no estate can make him rich that has a poor heart.

O, poor ones of earth, you have the blessed hope of heaven, if you but serve God. W. H. CUNIFF.

Mattie's Sauce.

BRIDA, Ky., August 10, 1885. Prof. Dudley Chapman, of Gainesville, Texas, who has been visiting relatives here for two months, will return home in a few days.

Miss Laura London, of Rockport, Ky., is visiting her uncle, Mr. Richard Bennett.

Miss Sissie Sutton is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bennett. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Litsey, of Whitesville, Ky., was at Mr. Spurrier's two or three days last week.

Miss Ella Sandefer is visiting Misses Josie and Minnie Sandefer this week. Rev. G. J. Bean preached a very interesting sermon here Sunday evening.

Uncle Jap. Sandefer has repainted his buggy, blacked his whiskers and parts his hair in the middle. I think Uncle Jap is contemplating navigating the matrimonial sea.

Say, Buford, here is the harness. Miss Ollie Anderson paid Rockport a flying visit last Saturday and returned Sunday.

More anon. MATTIE.

Gross is Economical.

The United States Marshal's office has been conducted by Capt. A. J. Gross, since he took charge, on an economical basis, and he makes a very fair showing for the three months he has been in office. He made a clean sweep of Auxler's appointees and put in Democrats. The report for the first three months shows that the office has been a total expense to the Government of \$1,300, and Capt. Gross says he has made collections and replevins for the Government of more money during that time than was expended. The expenses of ex-Marshal Auxler for the last three months of his term were considerably over \$4,000, while the collections for that period were less than \$1,000. —Louisville Times.

A Merchant Murdered.

J. A. Shank, a merchant at Smith's Mills, Henderson county, was killed by Ed. McLaughlin, last Friday. McLaughlin was drunk and used some profanity in Shank's store. Shank requested him to use better language, which only made him more violent. Shank then ordered him out, whereupon he drew a pistol and fired. Shank drove him out, but fell down from the shot in less than five minutes.

Suffering Women!

Read what the Great Methodist and Eminent Physician Says of

DR. J. BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR!

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 26, 1884. DR. J. BRADFIELD: Dear Sir—Some fifteen years ago I examined the recipe of Female Regulator, and carefully studied authorities in regard to its components, and then (as well as now) pronounced it to be the most scientific and skillful combination of the really reliable medicinal agents known to science, to act directly on the womb and uterine organs, and the organs and parts sympathizing directly with these; and, therefore, providing a specific remedy for all of the diseases of the womb, and of the adjacent organs and parts. Yours truly, JESSIE BOWLING, M. D., D. D.

CAUTION! The Country is flooded with quack nostrums, containing IRON and other injurious ingredients, which claim to cure everything—even Female Complaints. We say to you if you value your life, Beware of all such!

Bradfield's Female Regulator

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SPECIFIC! Sold by all druggists. Send for our treatise on the Health and Happiness of Woman, mailed free, which gives all particulars.

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WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING In their line, give them a call and they will give you an Excellent Bargain.

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Dan. F. Tracy & Son, HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

THE NEW HOWE

Is a New Machine Throughout, differing in every point from the Machines Heretofore Manufactured by Us.

FOUR YEARS SUCCESS. WE STAND AT THE HEAD! LATEST SUCCESS. THE NEW HOWE. Is a New Machine Throughout, differing in every point from the Machines Heretofore Manufactured by Us. FOIL Durability, Speed, Simplicity and ease of management. The New Howe has no superior. It is the perfection of mechanism for Hemming, Felling, Coring, Binding, Binding, Trimming, Quilting, and any other work. Embroidering, or any other work that can be done with the Sewing Machine. Send to us for Illustrated Circular. AGENTS WANTED. THE HOWE MACHINE CO., CINCINNATI, O.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE

56th Annual Session begins Sept. 24th. Old and experienced. Send for circular. For Catalogue and other information, address JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., Lexington, Kentucky.

STATE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY

Fifteen Professors and Instructors. Agricultural and Mechanical, Scientific, Engineering, Classical, Normal School, Military Tactics and Commercial Course of Study.

COUNTY APPOINTEES RECEIVED FREE OF TUITION. Fall term begins Sept. 24, 1885. For Catalogue and other information, address JAMES K. PATTERSON, Ph. D., Lexington, Kentucky.

BANK OF HARTFORD KY.

Money in any amount received on deposit and repaid at any time on the check of the party depositing, and no charges made for handling.

Exchanges bought on any point and sold on New York, Louisville, Evansville and Owensboro.

LEE H. BROOKS, Pres. W. C. HAMILTON, Sec. WM. WATERFIELD, Treas.

THE BROOKS, WATERFIELD COMPANY, LEAF TOBACCO GLOBE WAREHOUSE,

Auction and Private Sales Daily. Advances Made on Consignments, 1, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97 and 99 Front Street

A Circus Rider's Victory.

(The Sportsman.)

There is a good story told of a visit of Robinson, the famous circus rider, to London fifteen years ago. He had been engaged at a salary of \$2,000 a week to ride in Astley's Royal Amphitheatre, in London. For weeks before he arrived he was heralded as the greatest equestrian of the age. To amuse himself he took over with him a team of American trotting horses and a light buggy, but neglected to bring such horses as he would need to ride. This oversight rather astonished the English managers, who thought their contract of course, included the furnishing of horses. Robinson made light of the matter, and said he could break the animals to his liking in the fortnight intervening between his arrival and the date of his debut. There was nothing left for the managers to do than to swallow their disappointment and provide him with horses. These he released day after day at the circus with skill and audacity, but to find at last that they were beasts far inferior in intelligence to the Kentucky thoroughbreds with which he was accustomed to deal. The night of the first appearance of the American champion arrived. The great building bearing the historical name of Astley was packed to suffocation to see the performance of the reckless rider from over the sea. Robinson had, however, in the short time allowed, been utterly unable to train the English horses to his acts, and as a consequence was at a sad disadvantage in what he attempted. The best features of his acts, including the vaulting, he failed in. The audience hurried his exit from the ring with hisses. Weeks passed, James Robinson, who had in the meantime been the butt of ridicule, was forgotten. Nightly he was turning flip-flops in sawdust with a pack of mountebanks, some of whom did not know that among their number was the best rider in the world. About the time that the menials about the circus establishment began to whisper that they guessed that "blasted Yankee" could ride a little better after all, Robinson called on the manager. "I wish," he said, "that you would bill me to re-appear next Monday night. I would like to try to redeem my reputation. If I don't succeed I'll pack up and go home." With more than a misgiving the posters were pasted up over London's dead walls. Again there was an unusual throng to have their surer at the presumptuous fellow whom everybody thought had long before gone back. But the dashing American made them laugh on the other side of their mouths. The display of equestrianism which he gave there the horse into an ecstasy of delight. The way he vaulted on and off the backs of the flying steeds electrified the frigid hearts before him. Recall after recall made him famous in London town. The newspapers rang with his praise and spoke of his previous failure as a remarkable reminiscence. The Astley people were glad enough to renew the original contract to retain the American rider, who returned home two years later, with a European reputation and fifty thousand dollars to boot.

Tax and Free upon Personal Mortgages.

(Henderson's Opinion.)

As the law now stands, whoever lodges a mortgage for record has to pay the State a tax of fifty cents, and to the clerk for recording it one dollar, if upon personal property, and more if upon land. Technically, the party to whom the mortgage is given pays this tax and cost, but in reality it is paid by the party who gives the mortgage. In nine cases out of ten, all costs for recording are put into and made a part of the consideration of the mortgage itself. In our judgment, this tax of fifty cents to the State and a portion of the mortgage on personal property, from the State should charge nothing for such instruments, and the clerk should be barely recompensed for the work done by him, which is less certainly than one dollar.

As a rule, men who execute such mortgages are poor men, and are in extreme need when such mortgages are executed. Quite a large portion of them are upon growing crops, and are given to procure absolute necessities for themselves and family. For the State to step in at this point and tax the poor man fifty cents and allow the clerk to tax him one dollar, is out of the question. It is true one dollar and fifty cents is a small sum, yet to a person in extreme poverty it is a large sum.

So we now enter a motion to take the tax off the poor man's mortgages and put it upon the pistols and shot-guns of sporting men; or as for that matter, upon the weapons of any at all men.

Trying to Improve the Watermelon.

(The Cook.)

Good watermelons are now abundant and cheap enough to be within the reach of almost everybody. To enjoy this delightful fruit properly, select a dark green, fat one with a yellowish spot where it has hugged mother earth. Put it on ice for twenty-four hours, cut a hole in one end of it, and pour a bottle of claret into the hole, plug it up, and put it on ice some more. Cut it in longitudinal slices, bring it on the table surrounded by wild flowers and other fancy fixings, and you have a dish fit for the gods.

Some luxurious palates, happily accompanied by means enough to gratify their gustatory whims find one or two bottles of champagne emptied into the almost frozen melon in place of claret, a decided improvement. But the man who cannot like a good, ripe, sweet watermelon, without wine, is deserving of much pity.

The maelstrom attracts more attention than the quiet fountain; a comet attracts more attention than the steady star. But it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God has placed us.—Dr. John Hall.

Duty of Legislators.

(Extract from a lecture delivered by John Collins at Rock House, Ky.)

"The more I learn of intoxication the greater am I surprised that the people of the United States will allow so damnable a curse to reign through the land. No honest man can justify the liquor traffic! So visible is its poisoning operation to everything pure and good, that no national being can be blind to the fact that it should be suppressed. Allow me to say, and I say it conscientiously, that I doubt the integrity of that legislator who refuses to use his influence toward the prohibition of this demoralizing fiend. Why? Because he knows that it is annually bringing thousands to untimely ruin; that it is crowding our prisons with bloody criminals; that it is bringing poverty, grief and despair to thousands of homes; that it is barring the progress of Christianity; that it is corrupting the ballot, and threatening the permanence of our nation. How long must its poisonous sting infest our homes? How long must our land be flooded with crimes that should be prevented? How long will the prayers of the oppressed be offered in vain to the powers that be, for justice and moral protection?"

Initiation Into African Brotherhood.

(Staley's New Book.)

Generally the first day of acquaintance with the Congo river tribes is devoted to chatting, sounding one another's principles, and getting at one another's ideas. The chief entertains his guests with gifts of food, goats, beer, fish, etc., then on the next day exchanges business and reciprocal compliments of gifts. So it was at Irehu. Mangombo gave four hairy thin-tailed sheep, ten glorious bunches of bananas, two great pots of beer, and the usual accompaniments of small stores.

The next day we made blood brotherhood.

The fetish-man pricked each of our right arms, pressed the blood out, then, with a pinch of scrapings from my gunstock, a little salt, a few dusty scrapings from a long pod, dropped over the wounded arms, and the black and white arms were mutually rubbed together. The fetish-man took the long pod in his hand and slightly touched our necks, our heads, our arms and our legs, muttering rapidly his litany of incantations. What was left of the medicine Mangombo and I carefully folded in a banana leaf, and we wore it reverently between us to a banana grove near by, and buried the dust out of sight. Mangombo, now my brother, by solemn interchange of blood, consecrated to my service as I was devoted to the sacred fetish blood to his service, revealed his trouble and implored my aid.

Testimony of Judge C. F. Lynch.

I was a sufferer for twenty years with tetter, it covering my entire person. It was exceedingly painful and annoying. I tried every known remedy within reach, but to no permanent profit. My health became wrecked. The doctors could help me, but could not cure me, and under the old time treatment the disease continued to grow worse and the itching became almost unbearable. I read the statement of Mr. Lewis Lee as to what Swift's Specific had done for him in a case of tetter, and I concluded that it might help me. I commenced its use; the sores have all dried up, and the skin of my body has smoothed off, and I am in better health than I ever was, and there is not a vestige of the disease left, save a few spots on my arms, and they are rapidly disappearing. Swift's Specific is the greatest medicine in the world. It has brought me relief after twenty years of suffering. It is the best blood purifier I have ever used, and I most cheerfully commend it to the suffering.

C. F. LYNCH.

Dawson, Ga. May 22, 1884.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases

mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3,

Atlanta, Ga. N. Y., 157 W. 23d St.

Plat Questions.

Mythical ideas are fanning the public brow with the breath of prejudice, ignorance and humbuggery. Have you the remotest idea that your serfdom was created by the use of potash and mercury? No matter what the cause, B. B. B. is the peer of all other remedies. Do you presume that your troublesome catarrh is the result of mineral poisoning? B. B. B. is the quickest remedy. Are your chronic ulcers and boils and sores the result of potash and mercury? Medical gentlemen will not tell you so, but B. B. B. is the only sovereign remedy. Were your terrible kidney troubles created by mineral poisoning? Not a bit of it, but B. B. B. has proven to be a reliable remedy. Are your skin diseases, your eczema, drier tetter, etc., the effect of too much potash and mercury? The medical profession are the best judges, and they say nay, but B. B. B. makes more pronounced cures than all other preparations combined.

For sale by W. W. GRIFFIN & BRO.,

Druggists, Hartford, Ky. 29 1/2

He Once Lived in Kentucky.

(Commercial Gazette.)

In reading the places where it is said General U. S. Grant has lived I have never seen Germantown, Bracken county, Kentucky, named. In about the year 1854 Jesse R. Grant rented William Curran's farm, of that place, and moved there with his family, and his son U. S. Grant, was a member of that family then and there. It was his home. Ulysses assisted his father in the farm. Dr. W. S. Penn, of Batavia, O., can doubtless give you all the particulars.

Respectfully, OLD KENTUCKY,

CINCINNATI, July 19, 1885.

If we want a place in this world we must earn it. The partridge makes its own nest before it occupies it; the lark, by its morning song, earns its breakfast before it eats it; and the Bible intimates that the first duty of an idler is to starve when it says if he "will not work, neither shall he eat."

Idleness ruins the health, and very soon Nature says, "This man has refused to pay his rent; out with him!"—Dr. Talmage.

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea.

(The Traveler.)

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea! Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and ambition, man confronts undaunted, gigantic tasks and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, over-work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Griffin & Bro.

Important.

The following is a list of soldiers, originally from Kentucky, who fell at the battle of the Alamo. The heirs of either of them can learn something of great interest by addressing the editor of the HERALD:

Smith Johnson, Joshua Caldwell,

Fielding Neal, Allen Haldeman,

John Bell, John H. Smith,

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Rough on Rats.

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, dropsical swellings, dizziness, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by Wells' Health Renewer.

Rough on Corns.

Ask for Wells' Rough on Corns 15c Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Rough-Pains."

Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. 50c. Rough on Pains Plasters, 15c.

Red Bugs, Flies.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats."

Thin People.

Wells' Health Renewer restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, headache, nervousness, debility. 50c.

Rough on Pain.

Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhea, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 20c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.

If you are falling, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer; 50c. Druggists.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try Wells' Health Renewer. Goes direct to weak spots.

Painful Piles.

Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other, internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

Rough on Itch.

Rough on Itch cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frost-bite, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh."

Correct offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases, also unequalled as a gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children slow in development, puny, scrawny and delicate use Wells' Health Renewer.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging irritation, inflammation, all kidney and urinary complaints, cured by "Rough-Pains." 50c.

"Water Bugs, Roaches."

"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also beetles, ants.

Listen to Your Wife.

The Manchester Guardian, June 24, 1885, says: At one of the "Widows' Club."

Looking on the woodland ways! with clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms! "There was an interesting group."

It included one who had been a "cotton spinner," but was now so paralyzed!

That he could not bare to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was first attacked twelve years ago with "Locomotor Ataxia!"

A paralytic disease (very rarely cured) and for several years was barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me. The last experiment being nerve stretching

Two years ago I was voted into the "Home for Invalids" near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am now "Advocate" "For anything in the shape of patient" Medicine!

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented!

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, Nov. 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could walk!"

So started across the floor and back I hardly knew how to contain myself I was all over the house I am gaining strength each day and can walk safely without any "stick" or support

I am now at my own house and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again I have been a member of the Manchester "Royal Exchange."

For nearly thirty years I was and heartily congratulate me on going into the room Thursday last. Very gratefully yours,

MANCHESTER (Eng) Dec 24, 1883

Two years later an perfectly well

Present to the Invalids!

If you call for Hop Bitters (see green cluster of hops on the white label) the drug-gist hands out any state of D. D. Warner's German Hop Bitters, or with other "Hop" name, refuse it and shun that drug-gist as you would a viper, and if he has taken your money for the stuff, inform him for the fraud and him for damages for the swindle, and we will reward you liberally for the conviction.

YOUR KIDNEYS.

They Need Your Immediate Attention.

HERE'S A CASE.

For six long dreary years I have been a great sufferer from a complaint of my kidneys, which failed to be cured by physicians or advertised remedies.

I began to feel I could never secure relief as I had spent \$250 without success.

The disease was so excruciating that it often prevented me from performing my daily duty. I was advised to try the efficacy of B. B. B., and one single bottle, costing \$1, gave me more relief than all the combined treatment I had ever received.

Its action on the kidneys is simply wonderful, and anyone who needs a real, speedy and harmless kidney medicine should not hesitate to give B. B. B. a trial. One bottle will convince anyone.

C. H. ROBERTS,

Atlanta Water Works.

HERE'S ANOTHER.

I am a merchant of Atlanta, and am near 60 years of age. My kidneys have been inactive and irregular for many years, attended with excruciating pain in the small of my back. At times I became too nervous to attend to business. My case had all the attention that money could secure, but only to result in a complete failure.

B. B. B. was recommended, and to say that its action on me was magical would be a mild term. One bottle made me feel like a new man—just like I was young again. In all my life I never used so powerful and potent a remedy. For the blood and the kidneys it is the best I ever saw, and one bottle will force anyone to praise it.—A. L. D.

BL